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## THE LONDON PEACE CONGRESS.

R. SCHMIDT CABANIS.

*Translated by P. H. Peckover.*

War unto war! The popular voice resounding  
That ne'er was wholly still, is heard afar;  
Calling for Peace, in place of War abounding  
With mutterings, deeper than artillery, sounding  
War unto War!

The stream of Truth lay fast in fetters bounden  
But mightier rose its flood with gathering roar;  
Through weir and dam, a path the tide hath founden;  
Resistless now 'twill urge its course unbounden —  
War unto War!

Stirred with such faith, no heart but throbs, with other  
Pulses of jubilant hope than e'er before.  
'Tis *not* man's call to hold as *foe* his brother;  
'Tis Freedom, Joy and Peace one with another!  
Then — War to War!

Has not this age its sickening cup been filling  
With wars in South and North, enough and more?  
Dealing by wholesale in the trade of killing!  
*A tiger-host* were sated to o'erfilling —  
Then: Down with War!

Must we with fear-set eyes, in horror gazing  
Mark untold woe, and every hellish scar?  
Red meadows, trampled corn, the vision dazing,  
And heart-break wail and groan, 'mid homesteads blazing!  
No! Down with War!

Our shoulders labor 'neath a world of sorrow  
Such as the fabled Atlas never bore;  
In seas of tears our griefs expression borrow —  
Shrink we from this grand conflict of the morrow?  
No! Down with War!

What if the brows of earthly gods *do* lower  
Doubt not our cause has victory in store;  
Be haughty scorn or venomous scoff, our dower,  
The people have, to save the people, power —  
Then: War to War!

Set anvils with the sword-beat plough a ringing,  
Spread the white banner to the sun afar;  
Poets! no longer blood-stained honors bringing,  
A purer, manlier strain awaits your singing —  
War against War.

War against war! A myriad hearts are sending  
Prayers for our victory unto heaven's high bar!  
Up! and these self-made bonds of misery rending,  
The mingling rays of sacred brotherhood blending,  
War against War!

*— From the Berlin Paper "Ulk."*

WISBECH, ENGLAND.

## BATTLE POEMS.

No doubt some of the finest poems in all languages have been devoted to battle. The English has the spirit of Scott's verses, the music of Moore's, the vigor of Byron's, the finish of Campbell's lyrics, the swing of Macaulay's ballads, and Tennyson's genius.

But the blessed angels "who excel in strength," and whose proficiency in the divine art of melody is beyond question—when *they* gave their ineffable concert upon earth, lent not the beauty of their heavenly voices to describe the clash of deadly weapons and the march of mighty armies, to the awe-struck shepherds of Bethlehem. No; they sang a sweeter strain, that *yet* shall be the national air of the world, as it was then the coronation hymn of the word's infant King and Almighty Redeemer: "Glory to God in the highest! and on earth peace, good will to men."

## INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

The President (Sept. 3d) transmitted to Congress the recommendations of the international American conference, touching international arbitration, together with a letter of transmittal from Secretary Blaine. In his letter the Secretary says: The act of Congress approved May 24, 1888, authorized the President to invite the several other governments of America, to join the United States in a conference "for the purpose of discussing and recommending for adoption some plan of arbitration for the settlement of disagreements and disputes that may hereafter arise between them." In pursuance of this invitation the conference recently in session at this capital adopted three reports:

1. Recommending a definite plan of arbitration for the settlement of difference between the American nations.

2. Recommending the adoption of a similar plan by nations of Europe.

3. Declaring that the right of conquest could not be recognized by the American nations.

The President in his letter says: "The ratification of the treaties contemplated by these reports will constitute one of the happiest and most hopeful incidents in the history of the Western Hemisphere."

## COMPARATIVE COST OF WAR AND MISSIONS.

Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D., in his masterly address at Minneapolis, Oct. 10th, in speaking of the missionary movement, said:

"I bring into comparison with it the tremendous enterprise of the Crimean war, little more than a generation ago, in which four powerful countries united themselves to resist to the utmost the aggression of a vast half civilized empire, which drew on through weary and dreary months of diplomacy, and of battle and of concluding negotiations, in which Russia sacrificed 250,000 lives and France 100,000 and England 30,000, and Turkey at least 35,000, and in which treasures were buried and burned enough to bankrupt countries—a hundred times the amount that we have spent from the beginning of our history in our efforts to evangelize the world—and with no result of all the sacrifice of treasure or of life which has been of great and permanent importance to human civilization."

## DIARY OF THE SECRETARY.

*Sunday, August 24.* Preached at the Congregational Church at Harpswell Centre, Maine, of which Rev. Elijah Kellogg is pastor. Mr. Kellogg preached at the North Church at two p. m. and we held a well attended prayer and conference meeting at the Centre Church in the evening. Among many old friends and acquaintances in my audiences, I noticed Maj. Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, formerly of the U. S. Army, Governor of Maine and President of Bowdoin College at Brunswick, ten miles north—my *alma mater*. I had spent Friday and Saturday previous on the islands and along the shores of Casco Bay, in houses formerly familiar and scenes endeared by associations formed especially in 1858. I seemed to renew the social and spiritual experiences of my earliest ministry of the Gospel.

*Sunday, August 31.* Having joined my family at Farmington, Me., early the past week, I enjoyed with them

the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting and preached at the Congregational Church in the morning, saying a few words to the Sunday-school. Rev. Hugh Elder, the pastor, preached an excellent sermon in the evening. I was indebted to him for many Christian courtesies. His early life in Scotland and England and many recent visits increase his interest in international comity.

*Wednesday, September 3.* To-night we had a union prayer service in the Baptist Church, Rev. H. W. Tilden, pastor. The two previous days my family visited with me the neighboring towns of Wilton, Weld and Strong, going around Mt. Blue and spending a night in Weld, where I first met Mr. Hiram H. It, now of Farmington. His temporary illness did not prevent a brief visit and manifest interest in my work.

*Sunday, September 7.* Preached twice on some aspects of the Peace cause, addressed the Sunday-school and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the First Congregational Church of East Orange, New Jersey; the guest of Mr. Robert Hunter of Grove street. The new and beautiful church edifice, in which I preached for the first time, had been completed and dedicated since my previous visit. Rev. C. H. Everest, D. D., the able and acceptable pastor, had not completed his vacation. The visit was enriched by the memories of my brief pastorate here, 1874-'9.

*Monday, September 15.* Meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Peace Society at Pilgrim Hall. Memorial to President Harrison in favor of referring the Behring Straits controversy to a court of Arbitration was ordered.

*Saturday, September 20.* Spent the day at Gloucester, Rockport and Pigeon Cove, Mass., visiting pastors and others. Was sorry not to be able to spend the Sabbath.

*Sunday, October 5.* Gave an address on "War, a hindrance to Missions," at Arlington, Mass.

*October 8-11.* I was an interested attendant at the eighty-third annual Session of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose meetings were chiefly held at Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, of which Rev. Charles F. Thwing, D. D., is pastor. This church of sixteen hundred members and its fifteen associate churches gave free entertainment to the fifteen hundred guests called together by the meetings. Administrative, doctrinal and some personal questions occupied a larger period of time than usual. Dr. Storrs' address at the Swedish Tabernacle and the elaborate "Reports" of the Secretaries were not of this nature. The women's meeting, the addresses of the returned missionaries and the half-hour seasons of devotion interspersed were the elevating and spiritual forces most apparent.

Some anecdotes, illustrating the safety of non-resistance by the missionaries when threatened, were related. But no reference was made to the war-system as any obstacle to missions! Our Lord's testimony on the subject of non-resistance was not quoted. Evidently the good men who planned for the meeting were exercised by no conviction of the present importance of abolishing or even circumscribing war. Missionaries will still be sent from churches which have faith in war and under national governments which seem to sincerely believe war not only an occasional necessity but, under some circumstances, the wisest policy!

Friends in St. Paul, ten miles distant, planned and offered a fully patronized excursion by railroad. The

Chamber of Commerce took the visitors to a beautiful drive through the streets and past the noble buildings and lovely homes of that solid and prosperous city of 138,000. A leading citizen, Mr. J. T. McMillan, kindly received my wife and myself into his private carriage and added much to our pleasure by his knowledge of names, places and incidents. It was altogether an enjoyable occasion.

*Sunday, October 12.* There was little cessation in the rain to-day. I spoke at the Friends' meeting-house at eleven A. M. and three P. M., and at evening at Prospect Park Chapel on Peace and related topics. The rain thinned all the audiences except those who went to hear the great New York preachers, Drs. Storrs and Taylor, and the Boston lecturer, Joseph Cook. The reputation of these men had gone before them and the churches where they preached were crowded with hearers. Nearly all the pulpits in this city and some in St. Paul were occupied by the visiting ministers.

*October 13.* A pouring rain drenched the streets and roads in and around Minneapolis and rendered all traveling difficult and unpleasant. The evening was devoted to the installation of Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., as pastor of the Park Avenue Church. After tea at the home of the new pastor, who was my seminary classmate, I enjoyed participating in the public religious services with friends, many of whom were my associates in the State of Maine when I was a pastor. Rev. E. B. Webb, D. D., was from New Castle; Rev. A. H. Heath, from Salem; Rev. George R. Merrill, a pastor in Biddeford; Rev. S. L. B. Spear, in Bangor; Rev. J. E. Dudley was with me in Bangor Theological Seminary, and Rev. N. Boynton's parents from a former parish of mine in Rockport, Mass. Thus were we pleasantly and unexpectedly associated in Christian service fifteen hundred miles from the scenes of our earlier life. When and where will we meet again? Probably not on earth.

*October 14.* A blustering morning in Minneapolis and a pleasant afternoon in St. Paul, and a night ride of five hundred miles to Chicago.

*October 15.* A day in the great city of the Interior, a visit to the grave of our Mother at Rose Hill and a pleasant evening drive on the western shore of Lake Michigan was followed by an evening meeting at Glencoe, in which sympathy was expressed in the objects for which I live and labor.

*October 16.* The pouring rain of the morning hindered some proposed work and play, but the sunshine after noon helped to make our trip of a hundred miles from Chicago to Princeton, Ill., and our arrival full of gladness. It was twenty years since, in May, I first saw "these prairies glow with flowers," and fifteen years since we again turned our faces toward the rising sun. Fifty years ago streams of immigration from New England and from the people of Dutch and German extraction coalesced on these rich and exhaustless prairies. The first public building was a combined school-house and church, still in existence, though devoted to other purposes. The first church was a small band organized in Northampton, Mass., for the purpose of colonizing at the West. Subsequent additions from all nationalities have diluted but not submerged the influences which emanate from Christian intelligence. A lofty and elaborate school-house is the most conspicuous building, and a dozen churches occupy convenient sites in this neat little city of cleanly roads and moral ideas.

Reformers have always gained a hearing and a foothold in Princeton.

*October 17.* The birthday of one of my family was honored by a perfect autumnal day. It was warm as early September. The beauty and glory of the Indian Summer rested on sky and field and tree. The birds seemed to have paused in their Southern flight for a joyous song full of grateful praise. The heavy ears of corn hung heavily upon the stock. The abounding maples had cast most of their leaves and the oaks their acorns. The sleek cattle were nibbling the grasses and the herds of horses huddling in the corners of the pastures. No birthday party or present could have been as lovely and as grateful as this gracious gift of a perfect day.

*October 18.* A "Norther" swept in two waves across these vast prairies at six A. M., and the day has been cold and windy, with frequent splashes of rain.

An hour in the cemetery was not unprofitable. The city of the dead is of surer growth than that of the living, and the twenty years since I came here as pastor have added many names to the list of the departed.

This is becoming a community of Scandinavians. The Swedes number more than other nationalities both in town and on the farms originally settled from New York and New England. They are an honest, industrious, thrifty people. Their two churches are conspicuous and spacious. Their names are multiplying in the cemetery, their families are large.

Deacon Reeve at ninety-two is as bright and social and as able to quote the Bible as at seventy-two. Mrs. Eli Smith is ninety and came with the colony church from Western Massachusetts. She is the only member living, and but for deafness seems as well and bright as ever. The grass is not yet grown on the grave of Dr. W. C. Anthony who died at the age of eighty-three and had served as deacon over forty years.

*Sunday, October 19.* Good congregations at the Princeton Congregational Church morning and evening—the latter a union service with the Presbyterians. It was pleasant to speak to the children of a large Sunday-school and to meet with many with whom my pastorate, 1870-'75, made me acquainted. Rev. S. A. Norton, the pastor for more than six years, manifested interest and sympathy, and helpfully aided in all the meetings of the day.

*Monday, October 20.* A pleasant call upon Hon. J. H. Bryant, the only one remaining of the four brothers of William Cullen Bryant, who early settled in Princeton, Ill., concluded a pleasant day, most of which was spent on the farms and at the delightful homes of this rich prairie. Mr. Bryant is no mean poet and the volume published by him in 1886 has poems that would have done no discredit to the elder brother, whom I first met in 1873, on one of his frequent visits to his relatives and the grave of his mother. His brother Arthur was a celebrated horticulturist and published a standard work on Forestry. He read Greek critically and could translate it fluently and accurately at the age of eighty.

The noble trees without undergrowth that skirt the neighboring creeks with beach, oak, walnut and hickory, make a fine border to this prairie city of forty-five hundred people. The first church, of which Hon. Owen Lovejoy, M. C., was for many years pastor, was Congregational. The finest, most spacious new building is the Swedish Lutheran Church, and that is hardly large enough to contain the devout congregation which gathers from the

twenty-five hundred Swedes already here. Every year they occupy new farms and build new houses in and about the town, where they are rearing large, honest, thrifty, temperate and religious families, increasing every year in wealth and the neatness of the home and apparel. Three miles out from its Bureau County Court House, Princeton, with its planted maples now of gorgeous hues, looks like a forest from which the many church spires point heavenward, while from a staff on the large and lofty High School edifice the stars and stripes glisten in the sunshine as the flag waves in the autumnal breeze. What a change in fifty years!

It gives me a lonely feeling to say good-bye to dear friends whose faces I first met in 1870. Sad experience teaches that I will not see the faces of some again.

*Tuesday, October 21.* A gently running car takes us to Chicago, 104 miles, in three hours, with but two stops. We survey the lake front which, with some new land made by filling, is to be the site of the Columbian Exhibition. It lacks the elevation of the Trocadero, which added a charm to the Paris Exhibition; but the broad expanse of water, with its ever cooling breeze, will be grateful. I was glad to find that since the site was fixed, the organization and other preparations are going on methodically and energetically. Ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, the President, is a wealthy and genial man, with large capacity for work, and a genuine enthusiasm for excellence. He will do what he can to make the World's Exhibition of 1893 equal, or surpass its predecessors—but he must be generously seconded by the people and Congress of the United States. He must not be cramped for money or harassed by debt. Mr. Davis, the general superintendent, is also said to be the right man in the right place. A committee on the "Congresses," which, to the number of 169, by their presence and discussions in 1889, made Paris the intellectual centre of the world, was appointed to-day (see editorial page). The American Peace Society will, of course, renew its application for a Universal Peace Congress.

I am again impressed with the removal of the world's centres westward. The visits which are now made from the entire country to the graves made in the Mississippi Valley; the tombs of Lincoln, Garfield and Douglas in Ohio and Illinois; the fixing of the eyes of the world on Chicago for three years of preparation, and the expected gathering of the people and productions of all nations on the shores of Lake Michigan, almost untrodden by white men sixty years ago,—these things are among the marvels of our times.

To-day we again passed by the grave of our Mother at Rose Hill and spent a restful night at Glencoe, a beautiful suburb of the city, whose extending arms encompass new regions every month.

*Wednesday, October 22.* One hundred and forty-two miles eastward and a little northward and we are at Kalamazoo, Mich., a lovely and growing city of nineteen thousand. We visited an association of ministers and churches at the new, spacious and elegant Congregational Church, and were most courteously received. Opportunities for brief addresses were given at both afternoon and evening sessions, and a number of invitations to places and pulpits in this vicinity immediately followed.

This has become the centre of the *celery* industry of the United States. Wheat at Minneapolis, corn at Chicago, pork at Kansas City, butter at Elgin, Ill., fruit on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, and now the favorite

Arlington (Mass.) garden product centred at Kalamazoo! This is, indeed, a central region, and well called *The Interior*. But fruit failure has sent Michigan buyers to Missouri this year. No part of our country is without its product. Drouths and floods change the locality of production and employ the railroads.

*Thursday, October 23.* A pleasant morning at the meeting where personal reports from local churches were followed by a remarkable paper by Rev. Leroy Warren on the religious history, present state and future needs of Michigan, from which I derived much instruction and which furnished me food for thought.

In the afternoon I passed on to Lansing, the capital, via Jackson. At the latter city many persons sat in one seat in the cars, but carefully filled the other with personal baggage. After surrendering my seat to some ladies, I looked in vain for anything but seats occupied as I have said, and eyes fixedly averted. I was surprised to find myself blaming the colored more than the white man for discourtesy; as if he had not the same right to be a pig as anybody! He was only imitating those around him with less excuse probably for want of civilization. "Such conduct is common in Michigan," remarked the Editor at whose side I solicited and obtained a seat. I hope it was a slander. In the evening I attended a good meeting, the subject of which was "Christian Benevolence."

*Friday, October 24.* Our kind hostess drove with my wife to the college in the suburbs of Lansing which I had previously visited. For myself I enjoyed going about to see the enlargement and improvement since my visit five years since.

I called on Mrs. Matilda W. Howard, Secretary of a woman's club which has a fine edifice of its own, and has for many years maintained regular meetings for mutual improvement. Mrs. Authur T. Davis is the President, and from what I could learn, it is an institution to be honored and imitated. The Mrs. Howard above mentioned is, at eighty-seven, a marvel of unfailling powers. She walked the mile to the place of meeting. She spoke of a visit to our Maine home when myself and brothers were mere children. She is a native of Easton, Mass., the wife of Sanford Howard at one time a resident of Augusta and Hallowell, Maine, and subsequently the Editor of the *Boston Cultivator* and finally the President of the Michigan Board of Agriculture. Mrs. Howard is learned in the genealogy of her husband's family. Her maiden name was Williams.

*Sunday, October 26.* Rev. Reuen Thomas, D. D., repeated his sermon, which is really an oration, delivered in London before the Universal Peace Congress in July, to an audience completely filling the Park Street Church, Boston. It was my privilege to attend and enjoy the meeting and the address, in company with my brother Gen. Charles H. Howard of Chicago. He told the speaker that his seven years of service in the Civil War had prepared him to fully appreciate the sermon, which was delivered with great fervor and force to a silent and attentive audience of the best people of the city, and quite fully reported in the Boston papers.

*Monday, October 27.* At Congregational Ministers' meeting which was occupied with a very full report by many speakers of the meeting in last week of the American Missionary Association, which has received and expended over \$400,000 during the year chiefly for the benefit of the Freedmen of the South. There was no

mention of the need of any special instruction in schools or churches in the principles of peace. The Christianization of the Indians in which the association is also engaged, is always followed by the renunciation of their traditional occupation—fighting.

*November 3.* I listened in company with the members of the Boston Congregational ministers' meeting to an interesting and suggestive essay by Rev. Charles G. Ames, Unitarian, on "*Tendencies towards Catholicity*." While written from an unmistakably Unitarian point of view, the essay was an example of true catholicity. It carefully avoided the phrases which intensify the antagonisms—such as calling blood-atonement, "a butcher shop" theory; trinitarianism, a "three-God" system; the Godhead of Jesus Christ, "idolatry," etc. The speaker emphasized "the light that enlighteneth every man" without defining it. His radical divergence from orthodoxy was not in exalting life over dogma, or man over the church, but in constituting the instincts, the reason and the spirit in man the supreme and final authority as to truth and duty. The Orthodox are themselves not unanimous in holding the divinely inspired Word to be the ultimate court of appeal and decision; for many hold that the human consciousness, which must interpret revelation, to be the test of truth. The tendency towards catholicity is, however, apparent in increased charity and fraternity among those whose doctrines still differ. The great body of so called "Orthodox" in all churches still hold to the supremacy of the Scriptures.

This is the judge that ends the strife  
When wit and wisdom fail.

But I am filled with joy and thanksgiving at every advance made towards Catholicity, and the "oneness" for which our Lord prayed, John xvii. 21. The ends subserved by division and strife seem to me temporary and local as compared with the eternal unity and universal harmony which must characterize the kingdom of God on earth if it is like that in Heaven.

*November 4.* I voted to-day. To do so is in one view a very little thing. When I count that vote among millions it is less than a chip on Niagara. But to me personally it is a thing of moment. To vote is a matter of serious and conscientious thought and prayer. I am as responsible for that as I am for any part or even the whole of "myself" of which I am to give account unto God. I must weigh measures and men in the scales of judgment. I must divest myself of too strong associations and too long-lived prejudices. I must look at parties not only in the light of their histories and professions but their recent acts and most evident character. I must love my country as I love my family—*E pluribus unum*. The kingdom of God is my country and Jesus Christ my Lord and King. Ah, it is a great matter to do a little thing just right.

*November 5.* The news to-day is that of an entire overturn in politics, an election of Representatives which, if applied to the English House of Commons, would necessitate a new ministry. In the United States the force of it is a popular condemnation of certain measures. How far the people were instructed and voted intelligently and wisely is not certain. It is evident that certain men and certain measures have been rebuked at the polls. Now let those newly chosen prove themselves wiser statesmen and better men and all good men will be satisfied.